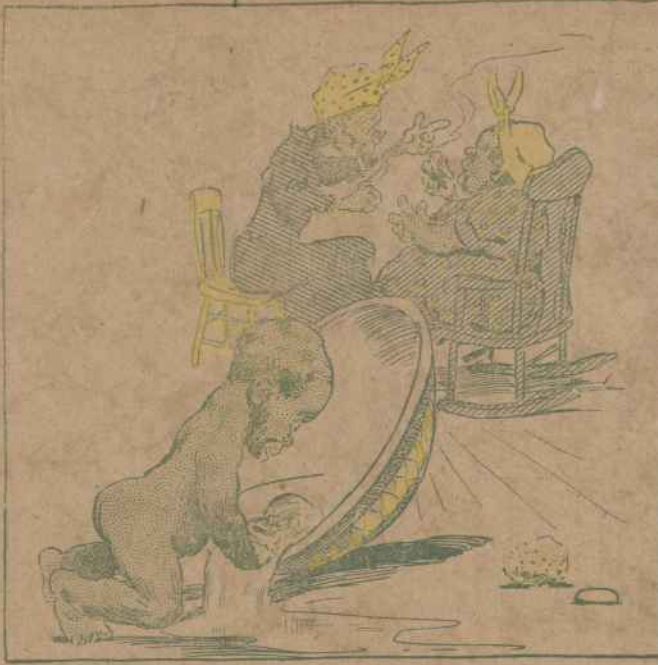


MOCK TURTLE.



Why He Failed.

Disgusted at repeated failures, the great doctor tried again. In agony the patient awaited relief. The doctor, alas! could not give it. The subject, a young woman, had been shot, and somewhere in her body the bullet had lodged.

At first, confidently, the doctor had tried to locate it by means of X rays. To his surprise he had failed completely. All was barred to his sight. Below the surface his vision could not penetrate.

Though his reputation was at stake, he could do naught but relinquish the case and admit his defeat.

A young woman, a recent graduate, stepped briskly forward.

Turning on the magic rays, a momentary examination enabled her to proclaim her success. She had located the bullet. In bitter chagrin the great doctor turned away. The younger one quickly followed.

"I wouldn't feel bad about it," she said sweetly. "It was only according to an immutable law that you failed."

"Don't you know," she asked, "that no man can see through a woman?" It was foolish to try."

Something Cheap.

As she stood upon the top sloop and kissed him good-by before he went out to battle with the cold, cold world he thought that she had never looked so winsome, even in their old courting days.

"And now my bad boy must have as many slaps as years he has lived, for to-day is his birthday," she went on, beginning the chastening salutations.

"Why, so it is," he said, with that momentary sensation of years passing helplessly away which middle-aged men experience upon these occasions.

"And what lovely thing shall his darling wife get him for a birthday present this year?" she went on. "You already have a smoking cabinet and a card table, and my dining room lamp, you know, was one of my birthday presents to you. And then—"

"I'd go kind of light, my dear," he answered, somewhat moodily. "Get me some little cheap thing. I haven't been able to pay for my last year's birthday present yet."

THE JACK WAS JUSTIFIED.



Irate old gent to dude: "You're an ass, sir—an ass!"

Nothing Ventured Nothing Won.

I was courtin' Arabella
Months before I got a kiss.
When I'd ask fer one she'd always
Blush an' say: "Taint proper, Chris."

But one night ez we was partin'
Somethin' seemed to whisper this:
"Askin' fer a kiss is useless;
Grip her tight an' steal one, Chris."

So I gripped her an' I kissed her—
Kissed her cheeks an' lips an' hair;
An' I held her to my buzzum.
An' I squeezed her waist fer fair!

Did she squeel? Nit! Quicker'n light'nin'
She was kissin' back like fun!
She'd have kept it up till midnight
If I hadn't quit an' run!

Say, that night I learned a lesson,
An' that lesson it is this:
Askin' fer a kiss is useless;
Grip yer girl an' take yer kiss.



The Jack: "I like the rhythmic sound of my name, but these invidious comparisons have got to stop."

A Sad Sea Tale.

In her coral home in the vasty deep
A mermaid fair was sitting;
And she loudly wept an expansive weep,
And her briny tears were flitting.

No one was near to assuage her grief,
For the ocean nymphs were sleeping;
So all alone on the coral reef
Sat the mermaid with her weeping.

And in wild, tempestuous tones she cried:
"Oh, the ways of the gods are cruel!
Why was I built on the waves to ride,
And to dive for the ocean jewel?"

Then she tried to balance her scales in vain,
And vowed that fate reviled her;
While her voice careened through the depths again,
And her wild lament grew wilder.

For a sad event had occurred that day
And aroused her savage humors,
When out of a wreck that had chanced that way
Her share was a pair of bloomers.

A Reminder of the Past.

The old merchant gazed upon the young man before him with an expression of deep perplexity. "And you mean to say that you want your salary raised?" he repeated in a sort of dazed tone of voice.

"Yes, sir."

"But how long have you—er—been in our employ?"

"Bout a year."

"And how many dollars have you saved up in that time and placed in bank for a future working capital?"

"Dollars!" rejoined the callous youth. "Why, say, how could I save any? You pay me two dollars a week, and I have to spend sixty cents out of that for car fares."

"Car fares," shrieked the aged merchant in an utterly dismayed tone of voice. "You don't mean to tell me that you waste nearly half of your weekly wages in car fare. For shame! A strong, healthy fellow like you riding in cars. Why, when I was a young man I accumulated a considerable sum of money—in fact it was the nucleus of my present fortune—simply by saving car fares."

"And you were only an errand boy, too, sir?" wonderingly commented the youth, with an earnest resolve to emulate the youthful deeds of the old merchant, and like him to attain to a position of wealth and importance in the community. "Only an errand boy, living away up at the other end of Harlem, like me?"

"No," replied the old merchant absent-mindedly. "I began life after a somewhat different fashion from you. I was a horse car conductor in my younger days."

Explaining It.

"You are accused of holding up this man," said the Judge sternly.

"Yes, sir, I know," explained the talkative prisoner glibly. "But, you see, it was this way. I came around the corner and upon him suddenly that night, and somehow he seemed to get real weak-kneed right away. Aoted like he was going to fall. Wasn't but one thing for me to do, was there? So I held him up till—"

But the next case had been called.



MISS MUFFET'S SUCCESSOR.

Little Miss Michael
who rode on a cycle,
Was speeding along
on her way,
When up came a rider
who rode alongside her,
And "light out"
he calmly did say.

Little Miss Michael
who rode
on a cycle,
As brave as a lion
was she,
She looked at the rider
who rode alongside
her,
"Light out"!! and
the fellow did flee.

Brigley